

## Cormega "Testament"

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Intro:

Yo a man don't got nothing to die for ain't worth living  
youknowhatl'msayin? Yo I do this shit for niggas in jail  
cells niggas

on

the corners hustlin'. Youknowhatl'msayin? I do this shit  
from the

heart

man.

Verse 1:

Yo I write rhymes for Bemerz Rovers overachievers  
O.G.s and young thugs wanna hold heaters

One love real niggas not gettin' out to make a deal  
nigga

I leave a nigga head numb like Bill Snivers

Figure me out my duns pillin' Infinities out

I'm on some real shit blowin' my enemies out

If there's a thrown touchin' it I don't condone

Pocket Biggie rule forever don't get it confused, never

My testamony will be death to a phoney MC

You wanna impress me show me a key

Or I suggest we manifest this a drug deal test

Put your coke in the water solidify the rest yeah

Never question this poetry I'm manifestin' this

Graffiti scripted my mind paints an easy picture

Analyse every line my scene will vandalise

Mega Montana handle mine yo at night I use to

fantasize

Triple beam scheme banana five yo my pen keep the  
plan alive

I went from misdate to big H my niggas know I keep the  
shit straight

Cormega talking:

Yeah ya know testaments it's like uncuut raw dope you  
know? Bag this

up

ship this to ever hood knowhatl'msayin' son? You pump  
this on your

block

this is where I stand for my clinetel you know? Then  
after that we

have 'em

make distribution of this, word.

Verse 2:

Yo I need stacks of green either rap or cracks to fiends

It's mad trife I seen enditments trap my team

Yo deep thoughts supreme courts decievin' me

Trapped in the belly like the beast was conceiving me

Thug status yo son I'm above average

When it's time for you to die does love matter?

You ain't sharing nothing payin' that and on bail

weighing nothing on

scale

Nigga you stay frontin' me I got plans like niggas who

chop grams

See when I eat my niggas eat

See you wouldn't understand I'm too real for you

What you dream I live and breath which means

Don't make me have to kill you play the game

See real niggas stay the same

Y'all niggas scarred to play our change

Cause y'all forgot the streets where ya came

Shit is real yeah my words sound forbidden still

I write lines for niggas still I wipe dimes who livin' I'll

I represent excellence my minds and I my third eye a

extra clip yet to

spit

So never questioned it poetry I'm manifestin' it

Graffiti filled testament

Cormega talking:

Yeah motherfuckers to east to west the money green

on your side the

money

green on my side. (ha ha) Let's get it, get it together.

Nawmean?

That's my

testament. That's what I stand for. Either with me or

against me. I'm

out

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